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# The Earth Breath and Other Poems

*By the same author: HOMeward SONGS BY THE WAY.*

# The Earth Breath and Other Poems by A. E.



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*Fifteen of these poems have already been published in the American  
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To W. B. Yeats

*I THOUGHT, beloved, to have brought to you  
A gift of quietness and ease and peace,  
Cooling your brow as with the mystic dew  
Dropping from twilight trees.*

*Homeward I go not yet; the darkness grows;  
Not mine the voice to still with peace divine:  
From the first fount the stream of quiet flows  
Through other hearts than mine.*

*Yet of my night I give to you the stars,  
And of my sorrow here the sweetest gains,  
And out of hell, beyond its iron bars,  
My scorn of all its pains.*



## The Earth Breath

FROM the cool and dark-lipped furrows  
breathes a dim delight  
Through the woodland's purple plumage  
to the diamond night.  
Aureoles of joy encircle  
every blade of grass  
Where the dew-fed creatures silent  
and enraptured pass.  
And the restless ploughman pauses,  
turns and, wondering,  
Deep beneath his rustic habit  
finds himself a king ;  
For a fiery moment looking  
with the eyes of God  
Over fields a slave at morning  
bowed him to the sod.  
Blind and dense with revelation  
every moment flies,  
And unto the mighty mother,  
gay, eternal, rise  
All the hopes we hold, the gladness,  
dreams of things to be.  
One of all thy generations,  
mother, hails to thee.  
Hail, and hail, and hail for ever,  
though I turn again

## The Earth Breath

From thy joy unto the human  
vestiture of pain.  
I, thy child who went forth radiant  
in the golden prime,  
Find thee still the mother-hearted  
through my night in time ;  
Find in thee the old enchantment  
there behind the veil  
Where the gods, my brothers, linger.  
hail, forever, hail !

## Alter Ego

ALL the morn a spirit gay  
Breathes within my heart a rhyme,  
'Tis but hide and seek we play  
In and out the courts of Time.

Fairy lover, when my feet  
Through the tangled woodland go,  
'Tis thy sunny fingers fleet  
Fleck the fire dews to and fro.

In the moonlight grows a smile  
Mid its rays of dusty pearl—  
'Tis but hide and seek the while,  
As some frolic boy and girl.

When I fade into the deep  
Some mysterious radiance showers  
From the jewel-heart of sleep  
Through the veil of darkened hours.

Where the ring of twilight gleams  
Round the sanctuary wrought,  
Whispers haunt me—in my dreams  
We are one yet know it not.

Some for beauty follow long  
Flying traces ; some there be  
Seek thee only for a song :  
I to lose myself in thee.

## A Vision of Beauty

WHERE we sat at dawn together, while the star-rich  
heavens shifted,  
We were weaving dreams in silence, suddenly the veil  
was lifted.  
By a hand of fire awakened, in a moment caught and led  
Upward to the wondrous vision—through the star-mists  
overhead  
Flare and flaunt the monstrous highlands ; on the sapphine coast of night  
Fall the ghostly froth and fringes of the ocean of the  
light.  
Many coloured shine the vapours : to the moon-eye far  
away  
'Tis the fairy ring of twilight, mid the spheres of night  
and day,  
Girdling with a rainbow cincture round the planet where  
we go,  
We and it together fleeting, poised upon the pearly glow ;  
We and it and all together flashing through the starry  
spaces  
In a tempest dream of beauty lighting up the place of  
places.  
Half our eyes behold the glory ; half within the spirit's  
glow  
Echoes of the noiseless revels and the will of <sup>the</sup> Beauty go.  
By a hand of fire uplifted—to her star-strewn palace  
brought,

## A Vision of Beauty

To the mystic heart of beauty and the secret of her thought :

Here of yore the ancient mother in the fire mists sank to rest,

And she built her dreams about her, rayed from out her burning breast :

Here the wild will woke within her lighting up her flying dreams,

Round and round the planets whirling break in woods and flowers and streams,

And the winds are shaken from them as the leaves from off the rose,

And the feet of earth go dancing in the way that beauty goes,

And the souls of earth are kindled by the incense of her breath

As her light alternate lures them through the gates of birth and death.

O'er the fields of space together following her flying traces,

In a radiant tumult thronging, suns and stars and myriad races

Mount the spirit spires of beauty, reaching onward to the day

When the shepherd of the Ages draws his misty hordes away

## A Vision of Beauty

Through the glimmering deeps to silence, and within the  
awful fold  
Life and joy and love forever vanish as a tale is told,  
Lost within the mother's being. So the vision flamed  
and fled,  
And before the glory fallen every other dream lay dead.

## The Voice of the Sea

THE sea was hoary, hoary,  
Beating on rock and cave:  
The winds were white and weeping  
With foam dust of the wave.

They thundered louder, louder,  
With storm-lips curled in scorn—  
And dost thou tremble before us,  
O fallen star of morn?

## Love

ERE I loose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,  
While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men,  
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release ;  
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again.

Ere I storm with the tempest of power the thrones and dominions of old,  
Ere the ancient enchantment allure me to roam through the star-misty skies,  
I would go forth as one who has reaped well what harvest the earth may unfold ;  
May my heart be o'erbrimmed with compassion ; on my brow be the crown of the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark sent forth with wishes and prayers  
To return with the paradise blossoms that bloom in the eden of light :  
When the deep star-chant of the seraphs I hear in the mystical airs,  
May I capture one tone of their joy for the sad ones discrowned in the night.

## Love

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart  
of the love :  
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its  
tenderest breath,  
I would still hear the plaint of the fallen recalling me back  
from above,  
To go down to the side of the mourners who weep in the  
shadow of death.

## The Mountaineer

OH, at the eagle's height  
To lie i' the sweet of the sun,  
While veil after veil takes flight  
And God and the world are one.

Oh, the night on the steep!  
All that his eyes saw dim  
Grows light in the dusky deep,  
And God is alone with him.

## Dawn Song

WHILE the earth is dark and grey  
How I laugh within. I know  
In my breast what ardours gay  
From the morning overflow.

Though the cheek be white and wet  
In my heart no fear may fall :  
There my chieftain leads and yet  
Ancient battle trumpets call.

Bend on me no hasty frown  
If my spirit slight your cares :  
Sunlike still my joy looks down  
Changing tears to beamy airs.

Think me not of fickle heart  
If with joy my bosom swells  
Though your ways from mine depart,  
In the true are no farewells.

What I love in you I find  
Everywhere. A friend I greet  
In each flower and tree and wind—  
Oh, but life is sweet, is sweet!

What to you are bolts and bars  
Are to me the arms that guide  
To the freedom of the stars,  
Where my golden kinsmen bide.

## Dawn Song

From my mountain top I view :  
Twilight's purple flower is gone,  
And I send my song to you  
On the level light of dawn.

## Immortality

WE must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire ;  
For we can no more than smoke unto the flame return  
If our thought has changed to dream, our will unto desire,  
As smoke we vanish though the fire may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey dusk of our days :  
Surely here is soul : with it we have eternal breath :  
In the fire of love we live, or pass by many ways,  
By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

## A Woman's Voice

HIS head within my bosom lay,  
But yet his spirit slipped not through:  
I only felt the burning clay  
That withered for the cooling dew.

It was but pity when I spoke  
And called him to my heart for rest,  
And half a mother's love that woke  
Feeling his head upon my breast :

And half the lion's tenderness  
To shield her cubs from hurt or death,  
Which, when the serried hunters press,  
Makes terrible her wounded breath.

But when the lips I breathed upon  
Asked for such love as equals claim—  
I looked where all the stars were gone  
Burned in the day's immortal flame.

‘Come thou like yon great dawn to me  
From darkness vanquished, battles done:  
Flame unto flame shall flow and be  
Within thy heart and mine as one.’

## *Heroic Love*

WHEN our glowing dreams were dead,  
Ruined our heroic piles,  
Something in your dark eyes said:  
‘ Think no more of love or smiles.’

Something in me still would say,  
‘ Though our dreamland palace goes,  
I have seen how in decay  
Still the wild rose clings and blows.’

But your dark eyes willed it thus:  
‘ Build our lofty dream again:  
Let our palace rise o’er us :  
Love can never be till then.’

## Benediction

NOW the rooftree of the midnight spreading,  
    Buds in citron, green, and blue :  
From afar its mystic odours shedding,  
    Child, on you.

Now the buried stars beneath the mountain  
    And the vales their life renew,  
Jetting rainbow blooms from tiny fountains,  
    Child, for you.

In the diamond air the sun-star glowing,  
    Up its feathered radiance threw ;  
All the jewel glory there was flowing,  
    Child, for you.

As within the quiet waters passing,  
    Sun and moon and stars we view,  
So the loveliness of life is glassing,  
    Child, in you.

And the fire divine in all things burning  
    Seeks the mystic heart anew,  
From its wanderings far again returning,  
    Child, to you.

## The Memory of Earth

IN the wet dusk silver sweet,  
Down the violet scented ways,  
As I moved with quiet feet  
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew  
Glassed the eve and stars and skies;  
While I gazed a madness grew  
Into thundered battle cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white,  
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke—  
Ah, what faces pale and bright  
Where the dazzling battle broke !

There a hero-hearted queen  
With young beauty lit the van:  
Gone ! the darkness flowed between  
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom  
Where the rabbits pattered near,  
Shone a temple and a tomb  
With the legend carven clear:

*'Time put by a myriad fates  
That her day might dawn in glory;  
Death made wide a million gates  
So to close her tragic story.'*

## Dream Love

I DID not deem it half so sweet  
To feel thy gentle hand,  
As in a dream thy soul to greet  
Across wide leagues of land,

Untouched more near to draw to you  
Where, amid radiant skies,  
Glimmered thy plumes of iris hue,  
My Bird of Paradise.

Let me dream only with my heart,  
Love first, and after see:  
Know thy diviner counterpart  
Before I kneel to thee.

So in thy motions all expressed  
Thy angel I may view :  
I shall not on thy beauty rest,  
But Beauty's ray in you.

## Morning

WE had the sense of twilight round us ;  
The orange dawn lights fluttered by ;  
And thrilling through the spell that bound us  
We heard the world's awakening cry.

We felt the dim appeal of sorrow  
Rolled outward from its quiet breath,  
To waken to the burdened morrow,  
The toil for life, the tears for death :

And out of all old pain and longing  
The truer love woke with the light :  
We saw the evil shadows thronging,  
And went as warriors to the fight.

## The Dream of the Children

THE children awoke in their dreaming

    While earth lay dewy and still :

They followed the rill in its gleaming

    To the heart-light of the hill.

Its sounds and sights were forsaking

    The world as they faded in sleep,

When they heard a music breaking

    Out from the heart-light deep.

It ran where the rill in its flowing

    Under the star-light gay,

With wonderful colour was glowing

    Like the bubbles they blew in their play.

From the misty mountain under

    Shot gleams of an opal star ;

Its pathways of rainbow wonder

    Rayed to their feet from afar.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow

    It led through caverned aisles,

Filled with purple and green light and shadow

    For mystic miles on miles.

The children were glad : it was lonely

    To play on the hillside by day.

‘ But now ’ they said, ‘ we have only

    To go where the good people stray. ’

## The Dream of the Children

For all the hillside was haunted  
By the faery folk come again ;  
And down in the heart-light enchanted  
Were opal coloured men.

They moved like kings unattended  
Without a squire or dame,  
But they wore tiaras splendid  
With feathers of starlight flame.

They laughed at the children over  
And called them into the heart.  
'Come down here, each sleepless rover ;  
We will show you some of our art.'

And down through the cool of the mountain  
The children sank at the call,  
And stood in a blazing fountain  
And never a mountain at all.

The lights were coming and going  
In many a shining strand,  
For the opal fire-kings were blowing  
The darkness out of the land.

This golden breath was a madness  
To set a poet on fire ;  
And this was a cure for sadness,  
And that the ease of desire.

## The Dream of the Children

And all night long over Eri  
They fought with the wand of light,  
And love that never grew weary  
The evil things of night.

They said as dawn glimmered hoary  
‘We will show ourselves for an hour.’  
And the children were changed to a glory  
By the beautiful magic of power.

The fire-kings smiled on their faces  
And called them by olden names,  
Till they towered like the starry races  
All plumed with the twilight flames.

They talked for a while together  
How the toil of ages oppressed,  
And of how they best could weather  
The ship of the world to its rest.

The dawn in the room was straying:  
The children began to blink,  
When they heard a far voice saying  
‘You can grow like that if you think.’

The sun came in yellow and gay light:  
They tumbled out of the cot:  
And half of the dream went with daylight  
And half was never forgot.

## Song

DUSK its ash-grey blossoms sheds on violet skies,  
Over twilight mountains where the heart songs rise,  
Rise and fall and fade away from earth to air.  
Earth renews the music sweeter. Oh, come there.  
Come, macushla, come, as in ancient times  
Rings aloud the underland with faery chimes.  
Down the unseen ways as strays each tinkling fleece  
Winding ever onward to a fold of peace,  
So my dreams go straying in a land more fair;  
Half I tread the dew-wet grasses, half wander there.  
Fade your glimmering eyes in a world grown cold;  
Come, macushla, with me to the mountains old.  
There the bright ones call us waving to and fro—  
Come, my children, with me to the ancient go.

# The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

## A DREAM

*I WOULD I could weave in  
The colour, the wonder,  
The song I conceive in  
My heart while I ponder,*

*And show how it came like  
The magi of old  
Whose chant was a flame like  
The dawn's voice of gold;*

*Whose dreams followed near them  
A murmur of birds,  
And ear still could hear them  
Uncharmed in words.*

*In words I can only  
Reveal thee my heart,  
Oh, Light of the Lonely,  
The shining impart.*

Between the twilight and the dark  
The lights danced up before my eyes :  
I found no sleep or peace or rest,  
But dreams of stars and burning skies.

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

I knew the faces of the day—  
Dream faces, pale, with cloudy hair,  
I knew you not nor yet your home,  
The Fount of Shadowy Beauty, where ?

I passed a dream of gloomy ways  
Where ne'er did human feet intrude :  
It was the border of a wood,  
A dreadful forest solitude.

With wondrous red and fairy gold  
The clouds were woven o'er the ocean ;  
The stars in fiery æther swung  
And danced with gay and glittering motion.

A fire leaped up within my heart  
When first I saw the old sea shine ;  
As if a god were there revealed  
I bowed my head in awe divine ;

And long beside the dim sea marge  
I mused until the gathering haze  
Veiled from me where the silver tide  
Ran in its thousand shadowy ways.

The black night dropped upon the sea :  
The silent awe came down with it :

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

I saw fantastic vapours flee  
As o'er the darkness of the pit.

When, lo ! from out the furthest night  
A speck of rose and silver light  
Above a boat shaped wondrously  
Came floating swiftly o'er the sea.

It was no human will that bore  
The boat so fleetly to the shore  
Without a sail spread or an oar.

The Pilot stood erect thereon  
And lifted up his ancient face,  
Ancient with glad eternal youth  
Like one who was of starry race.

His face was rich with dusky bloom ;  
His eyes a bronze and golden fire ;  
His hair in streams of silver light  
Hung flamelike on his strange attire,

Which, starred with many a mystic sign,  
Fell as o'er sunlit ruby glowing :  
His light flew o'er the waves afar  
In ruddy ripples on each bar  
Along the spiral pathways flowing.

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

It was a crystal boat that chased  
The light along the watery waste,  
Till caught amid the surges hoary  
The Pilot stayed its jewelled glory.

Oh, never such a glory was :  
The pale moon shot it through and through  
With light of lilac, white and blue :  
And there mid many a fairy hue,  
Of pearl and pink and amethyst,  
Like lightning ran the rainbow gleams  
And wove around a wonder-mist.

The Pilot lifted beckoning hands ;  
Silent I went with deep amaze  
To know why came this Beam of Light  
So far along the ocean ways  
Out of the vast and shadowy night.

‘ Make haste, make haste ! ’ he cried. ‘ Away !  
A thousand ages now are gone.  
Yet thou and I ere night be sped  
Will reck no more of eve or dawn.’

Swift as the swallow to its nest  
I leaped : my body dropt right down:  
A silver star I rose and flew.

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

A flame burned golden at his breast :  
I entered at the heart and knew  
My Brother-Self who roams the deep,  
Bird of the wonder-world of sleep.

The ruby vesture wrapped us round  
As twain in one : we left behind  
The league-long murmur of the shore  
And fleeted swifter than the wind.

The distance rushed upon the bark :  
We neared unto the mystic isles :  
The heavenly city we could mark,  
Its mountain light, its jewel dark,  
Its pinnacles and starry piles.

The glory brightened : ‘ Do not fear;  
For we are real, though what seems  
So proudly built above the waves  
Is but one mighty spirit’s dreams.

‘ Our Father’s house hath many fanes;  
Yet enter not and worship not,  
For thought but follows after thought  
Till last consuming self it wanes.

‘ The Fount of Shadowy Beauty flings  
Its glamour o’er the light of day :

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

A music in the sunlight sings  
To call the dreamy hearts away  
Their mighty hopes to ease awhile :  
We will not go the way of them :  
The chant makes drowsy those who seek  
The sceptre and the diadem.

‘The Fount of Shadowy Beauty throws  
Its magic round us all the night ;  
What things the heart would be, it sees  
And chases them in endless flight.  
Or coiled in phantom visions there  
It builds within the halls of fire ;  
Its dreams flash like the peacock’s wing  
And glow with sun-hues of desire.  
We will not follow in their ways  
Nor heed the lure of fay or elf,  
But in the ending of our days  
Rest in the high Ancestral Self.’

The boat of crystal touched the shore,  
Then melted flamelike from our eyes,  
As in the twilight drops the sun  
Withdrawing rays of paradise.

We hurried under archéd aisles  
That far above in heaven withdrawn

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

With cloudy pillars stormed the night,  
Rich as the opal shafts of dawn.

I would have lingered then—but he :  
‘ Oh, let us haste : the dream grows dim,  
Another night, another day,  
A thousand years will part from him,

‘ Who is that Ancient One divine  
From whom our phantom being born  
Rolled with the wonder-light around  
Had started in the fairy morn.

‘ A thousand of our years to him  
Are but the night, are but the day,  
Wherein he rests from cyclic toil  
Or chants the song of starry sway.

‘ He falls asleep : the Shadowy Fount  
Fills all our heart with dreams of light :  
He wakes to ancient spheres, and we  
Through iron ages mourn the night.  
We will not wander in the night  
But in a darkness more divine  
Shall join the Father Light of Lights  
And rule the long-descended line.’

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

Even then a vasty twilight fell :  
Wavered in air the shadowy towers :  
The city like a gleaming shell,  
Its azures, opals, silvers, blues,  
Were melting in more dreamy hues.  
We feared the falling of the night  
And hurried more our headlong flight.  
In one long line the towers went by ;  
The trembling radiance dropt behind,  
As when some swift and radiant one  
Flits by and flings upon the wind  
The rainbow tresses of the sun.

And then they vanished from our gaze  
Faded the magic lights, and all  
Into a starry radiance fell  
As waters in their fountain fall.

We knew our time-long journey o'er  
And knew the end of all desire,  
And saw within the emerald glow  
Our Father like the white sun-fire.

We could not say if age or youth  
Was on his face : we only burned  
To pass the gateways of the day,  
The exiles to the heart returned.

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

He rose to greet us and his breath,  
The tempest music of the spheres,  
Dissolved the memory of earth,  
The cyclic labour and our tears.  
In him our dream of sorrow passed,  
The spirit once again was free  
And heard the song the morning stars  
Chant in eternal revelry.

This was the close of human story ;  
We saw the deep unmeasured shine,  
And sank within the mystic glory  
They called of old the Dark Divine.

*Well it is gone now,  
The dream that I chanted :  
On this side the dawn now  
I sit fate-implanted.*

*But though of my dreaming  
The dawn has bereft me,  
It all was not seeming  
For something has left me.*

*I feel in some other  
World far from this cold light*

## The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty

*The Dream Bird, my brother,  
Is rayed with the gold light.*

*I too in the Father  
Would hide me, and so,  
Bright Bird, to foregather  
With thee now I go.*

## Weariness

WHERE are now the dreams divine  
Fires that lit the dawning soul,  
As the ruddy colours shine  
Through an opal aureole ?

Moving in a joyous trance,  
We were like the forest glooms  
Rumorously of old romance,  
Fraught with unimagined dooms.

Titans we or morning stars,  
So we seemed in days of old,  
Mingling in the giant wars  
Fought afar in deeps of gold.

God, an elder brother dear,  
Filled with kindly light our thought :  
Many a radiant form was near  
Whom our hearts remember not.

Would they know us now ? I think  
Old companions of the prime  
From our garments well might shrink,  
Muddied with the lees of Time.

Fade the heaven-assailing moods :  
Slave to petty tasks I pine  
For the quiet of the woods,  
And the sunlight seems divine.

## Weariness

And I yearn to lay my head  
Where the grass is green and sweet,  
Mother, all the dreams are fled  
From the tired child at thy feet.

## **Alien**

DARK glowed the vales of amethyst  
Beneath an opal shroud :  
The moon bud opened through the mist  
Its white-fire leaves of cloud.

Though rapt at gaze with eyes of light  
Looked forth the seraph seers,  
The vast and wandering dream of night  
Rolled on above our tears.

## Blindness

OUR true hearts are forever lonely :  
A wistfulness is in our thought :  
Our lights are like the dawns which only  
Seem bright to us and yet are not.

Something you see in me I wis not :  
Another heart in you I guess :  
A stranger's lips—but thine I kiss not,  
Erring in all my tenderness.

I sometimes think a mighty lover  
Takes every burning kiss we give :  
His lights are those which round us hover :  
For him alone our lives we live.

Ah, sigh for us whose hearts unseeing  
Point all their passionate love in vain,  
And blinded in the joy of being,  
Meet only when pain touches pain.

## Janus

IMAGE of beauty, when I gaze on thee,  
Trembling I waken to a mystery,  
How through one door we go to life or death  
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.

Image of beauty, when my way I go ;  
No single joy or sorrow do I know :  
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,  
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

And, ah, to think how thin the veil that lies  
Between the pain of hell and paradise !  
Where the cool grass my aching head embowers  
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers.

## Illusion

WHAT is the love of shadowy lips  
That know not what they seek or press,  
From whom the lure for ever slips  
And fails their phantom tenderness?

The mystery and light of eyes  
That near to mine grow dim and cold;  
They move afar in ancient skies  
Mid flame and mystic darkness rolled.

O beauty, as thy heart o'erflows  
In tender yielding unto me,  
A vast desire awakes and grows  
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

## Awakening

THE lights shone down the street  
In the long blue close of day :  
A boy's heart beat sweet, sweet,  
As it flowered in its dreamy clay.

Beyond the dazzling throng  
And above the towers of men  
The stars made him long, long,  
To return to their light again.

They lit the wondrous years  
And his heart within was gay ;  
But a life of tears, tears,  
He had won for himself that day.

## The Dark Age

THE streets are spread with dross and slime;  
The black pools flash a steely light  
To the chill stars : the iron time  
    Manacles us in night.

What cries of shadowy hosts in woe,  
Who beat themselves against the bars  
And suffer, why they do not know :  
    Lost children of the stars !

I will arise and look on Him  
And tread the vast in dreams, and keep  
The fire I hold from burning dim  
    Like theirs who moan in sleep.

## The Man to the Angel

I HAVE wept a million tears:  
Pure and proud one, where are thine,  
What the gain though all thy years  
In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win  
Truth we learn in pain and sighs:  
You can never enter in  
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light  
Who have never known the gloom,  
And between the dark and bright  
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there,  
That our pain but follows sin:  
There are fires for those who dare  
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain:  
Dark and lost amid the strife  
I am myriad years of pain  
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown  
At the God to whom you bow,  
Rest the lips of the Unknown  
Tenderest upon my brow.

## The Garden of God

WITHIN the iron cities  
One walked unknown for years,  
In his heart the pity of pities  
That grew for human tears.

When love and grief were ended  
The flower of pity grew:  
By unseen hands 't was tended  
And fed with holy dew.

Though in his heart were barred in  
The blooms of beauty blown,  
Yet he who grew the garden  
Could call no flower his own.

For by the hands that watered,  
The blooms that opened fair  
Through frost and pain were scattered  
To sweeten the dead air.

## The Hour of Twilight

WHEN the unquiet hours depart  
And far away their tumults cease,  
Within the twilight of the heart  
We bathe in peace, are stilled with peace.

The fire that slew us through the day  
For angry deed or sin of sense  
Now is the star and homeward ray  
To us who bow in penitence.

We kiss the lips of bygone pain  
And find a secret sweet in them:  
The thorns once dripped with shadowy rain  
Are bright upon each diadem.

Ceases the old pathetic strife,  
The struggle with the scarlet sin :  
The mad enchanted laugh of life  
Tempts not the soul that sees within.

No riotous and fairy song  
Allures the prodigals who bow  
Within the home of law, and throng  
Before the mystic Father now,

Where faces of the elder years,  
High souls absolved from grief and sin,  
Leaning from out ancestral spheres  
Beckon the wounded spirit in.

## A New World

I WHO had sought afar from earth  
The faery land to meet,  
Now find content within its girth  
And wonder nigh my feet.

To-day a nearer love I choose  
And seek no distant sphere ;  
For aureoled by faery dews  
The dear brown breasts appear.

With rainbow radiance come and go  
The airy breaths of day ;  
And eve is all a pearly glow  
With moonbow winds a-play.

The lips of twilight burn my brow,  
The arms of night caress :  
Glimmer her white eyes drooping now  
With grave old tenderness.

I close mine eyes from dream to be  
The Diamond-rayed again,  
As in the ancient hours ere we  
Forgot ourselves to men.

And all I thought of heaven before  
I find in earth below :  
A sunlight in the hidden core  
To dim the noonday glow.

## A New World

And with the earth my heart is glad,  
I move as one of old ;  
With mists of silver I am clad  
And bright with burning gold.

## Brotherhood

TWILIGHT, a blossom grey in shadowy valleys dwells:  
Under the radiant dark the deep blue-tinted bells  
In quietness reimage heaven within their blooms,  
Sapphire and gold and mystery. What strange perfumes,  
Out of what deeps arising, all the flower-bells fling,  
Unknowing the enchanted odorous song they sing!  
Oh, never was an eve so living yet: the wood  
Stirs not but breathes enraptured quietude.  
Here in these shades the Ancient knows itself, the Soul,  
And out of slumber waking starts unto the goal.  
What bright companions nod and go along with it!  
Out of the teeming dark what dusky creatures flit,  
That through the long leagues of the island night above  
Come by me, wandering, whispering, beseeching love;  
As in the twilight children gather close and press  
Nigh and more nigh with shadowy tenderness,  
Feeling they know not what, with noiseless footsteps glide  
Seeking familiar lips or hearts to dream beside.  
O voices, I would go with you, with you, away,  
Facing once more the radiant gateways of the day;  
With you, with you, what memories arise, and nigh  
Trampling the crowded figures of the dawn go by,  
Dread deities, the giant powers that warred on men  
Grow tender brothers and gay children once again;  
Fades every hate away before the Mother's breast  
Where all the exiles of the heart return to rest.

## The Seer

OH, if my spirit may foretell  
Or earlier impart,  
It is because I always dwell  
With morning in my heart.

I feel the keen embrace of light  
Ere dawning on the view  
It sprays the chilly fold of night  
With iridescent dew.

The robe of dust around it cast  
Hides not the earth below,  
Its heart of ruby flame, the vast  
Mysterious gloom and glow.

Something beneath yon coward gaze  
Betrays the royal line;  
Its lust and hate, but errant rays,  
Are at their root divine.

I hail the light of elder years  
Behind the niggard mould,  
The fiery kings, the seraph seers,  
As in the age of gold.

And all about and through the gloom  
Breaths from the golden clime  
Are wafted like a sweet perfume  
From some most ancient time.

## A New Theme

I FAIN would leave the tender songs  
I sang to you of old,  
Thinking the oft-sung beauty wrongs  
The magic never told.

And touch no more the thoughts, the moods,  
That win the easy praise;  
But venture in the untrodden woods  
To carve the future ways.

Though far or strange or cold appear  
The shadowy things I tell,  
Within the heart the hidden seer  
Knows and remembers well.

I think that in the coming time  
The hearts and hopes of men  
The mountain tops of life shall climb,  
The gods return again.

I strive to blow the magic horn;  
It feebly murmureth;  
Arise on some enchanted morn,  
Poet, with God's own breath!

And sound the horn I cannot blow,  
And by the secret name  
Each exile of the heart will know  
Kindle the magic flame.

# Glory and Shadow

## SHADOW

WHO art thou, O Glory,  
In flame from the deep  
Where stars chant their story;  
Why trouble my sleep?  
I hardly had rested;  
My dreams wither now.  
Why comest thou crested  
And gemmed on thy brow? .

## GLORY

Up, Shadow, and follow  
The way I shall show:  
The blue gleaming hollow  
To-night we will know:  
And rise through the vast to  
The fountain of days  
From whence we had passed to  
The parting of ways.

## SHADOW

I know thee, O Glory;  
Thine eyes and thy brow  
With white-fire all hoary  
Come back to me now.  
Together we wandered

## Glory and Shadow

In ages agone:  
Our thoughts as we pondered  
Were stars at the dawn.  
My glory has dwindled,  
My azure and gold:  
Yet you keep enkindled  
The sunfire of old.  
My footsteps are tied to  
The heath and the stone:  
My thoughts earth-allied-to,  
Ah, leave me alone.  
Go back, thou of gladness,  
Nor wound me with pain,  
Nor smite me with madness,  
Nor come nigh again.

### GLORY

Why tremble and weep now,  
Whom stars once obeyed?  
Come forth to the deep now  
And be not afraid.  
The Dark One is calling  
I know, for his dreams  
Around me are falling  
In musical streams.  
A diamond is burning

## Glorp and Shadow

In depths of the Lone,  
Thy spirit returning  
May claim for its throne.  
In flame-fringed islands  
Its sorrow shall cease,  
Absorbed in the silence  
And quenched in the peace.  
Come lay thy poor head on  
My heart where it glows  
With love ruby-red on  
Thy heart for its woes.  
My power I surrender;  
To thee it is due.  
Come forth! for the splendour  
Is waiting for you.

# The Free

## A MEMORY

THEY bathed in the fire-flooded fountains:  
Life girdled them round and about:  
They slept in the clefts of the mountains:  
The stars called them forth with a shout.

They prayed, but their worship was only  
The wonder at nights and at days,  
As still as the lips of the lonely  
Though burning with dumbness of praise.

No sadness of earth ever captured  
Their spirits who bowed at the shrine:  
They fled to the Lonely enraptured  
And hid in the darkness divine.

As children at twilight may gather,  
They met at the doorway of death  
The smile of the dark hidden Father,  
The Mother with magical breath.

Untold of in song or in story,  
In days long forgotten of men,  
Their eyes were yet blind with a glory  
Time will not remember again.

## The Face of Faces

OVER all the dream built margin, flushed with  
grey and hoary light,  
Glint the bubble planets tossing in the dead black  
sea of night.  
Immemorial face, how many faces look from out  
thy skies,  
Now with ghostly eyes of wonder rimmed around  
with rainbow dyes:  
Now the secrets of the future trail along the  
silent spheres:  
Ah, how often have I followed filled with phantom  
hopes and fears,  
Where my star that rose dream-laden, moving to  
the mystic crown,  
On the yellow moon-rock foundered and my joy  
and dreams went down.  
As a child with hands uplifted peering through  
the cloudless miles  
Bent the mighty mother o'er me shining all with  
eyes and smiles:  
‘Come up hither, child, my darling,: waving  
to the habitations,  
Thrones, and starry kings around her, dark em-  
battled planet nations.  
There the mighty rose in greeting, as their child  
from exile turning

## The Face of Faces

Smiled upon the awful faces on the throne super-  
nal burning.  
As with sudden sweetness melting, shone the  
eyes, the hearts of home,  
Changed the vision, and the mother vanished in  
the vasty dome.  
So from marvel unto marvel turned the face I  
gazed upon,  
Till its fading majesty grew tender as a child  
at dawn,  
And the heaven of heavens departed and the  
visions passed away  
With the seraph of the darkness martyred in the  
fires of day.

## The Robing of the King

ON the bird of air blue-breasted glint the rays of gold,  
And its shadowy fleece above us waves the forest old,  
Far through rumorous leagues of midnight stirred by breezes warm.  
See the old ascetic yonder, ah, poor withered form,  
Where he crouches wrinkled over by unnumbered years  
Through the leaves the flakes of moon-fire fall like phantom tears.  
At the dawn a kingly hunter swept in proud disdain,  
Like a rainbow torrent scattered flashed his royal train.  
Now the lonely one unheeded seeks earth's caverns dim :  
Never king or prince will robe them radiantly as him  
'Mid the deep enfolding darkness follow him, O seer,  
Where the arrow will is piercing fiery sphere on sphere,  
Through the blackness leaps and sparkles gold and amethyst,

## The Robing of the King

Curling, jetting, and dissolving in a rainbow mist.  
In the jewel glow and lunar radiance rises there  
One a morning star in beauty, young, immortal, fair :  
Sealed in heavy sleep, the spirit leaves its faded dress,  
Unto fiery youth returning out of weariness.  
Music as for one departing, joy as for a king,  
Sound and swell, and hark! above him cymbals triumphing.  
Fire, an aureole encircling, suns his brow with gold,  
Like to one who hails the morning on the mountains old.  
Open mightier vistas, changing human loves to scorns,  
And the spears of glory pierce him like a crown of thorns.  
High and yet more high to freedom as a bird he springs,  
And the aureole outbreathing, gold and silver wings

## The Robing of the King

Plume the brow and crown the seraph :  
soon his journey done  
He will pass our eyes that follow, sped  
beyond the sun.  
None may know the darker radiance,  
King, will there be thine,  
Far beyond the light enfolded in the life  
divine.

## Winter

A DIAMOND glow of winter o'er the world :  
Amid the chilly halo nigh the west  
Flickers a phantom violet bloom unfurled  
.      Dim on the twilight's breast.

Only phantasmal blooms but for an hour,  
A transient beauty ; then the white stars shine  
Chilling the heart : I long for thee to flower,  
    O bud of light divine.

But never visible to sense or thought  
The flower of Beauty blooms afar withdrawn ;  
If in our being then we know it not,  
    Or, knowing, it is gone.

## Answer

THE warmth of life is quenched with bitter frost;  
Upon the lonely road a child limps by  
Skirting the frozen pools: our way is lost:  
Our hearts sink utterly.

But from the snow-patched moorland chill and drear,  
Lifting our eyes beyond the spirèd height,  
With white-fire lips apart the dawn breathes clear  
Its soundless hymn of light.

Out of the vast the voice of one replies  
Whose words are clouds and stars and night and day,  
When for the light the anguished spirit cries  
Deep in its house of clay.

## Duality

*From me spring good and evil.*

WHO gave thee such a ruby flaming heart  
And such a pure cold spirit? Side by side  
I know these must eternally abide  
In intimate war, and each to each impart  
Life from its pain, in every joy a dart  
To wound with grief or death the self allied.  
Red life within the spirit crucified,  
The eyes eternal pity thee: thou art  
Fated with deathless powers at war to be,  
Not less the martyr of the world than he  
Whose thorn-crowned brow usurps the due of tears  
We would pay to thee, ever ruddy life,  
Whose passionate peace is still to be at strife,  
O'erthrown but in the unconflicting spheres.

## Divine Visitation

THE heavens lay hold on us: the starry rays  
Fondle with flickering fingers brow and eyes:  
A new enchantment lights the ancient skies.  
What is it looks between us gaze on gaze;  
Does the wild spirit of the endless days  
Chase through my heart some lure that ever flies?  
Only I know the vast within me cries  
Finding in thee the ending of all ways.  
Ah, but they vanish; the immortal train  
From thee, from me, depart, yet take from thee  
Memorial grace: laden with adoration  
Forth from this heart they flow that all in vain  
Would stay the proud eternal powers that flee  
After the chase in burning exultation.

## The Christ-Sword

THE while my mad brain whirled around  
She only looked with eyes elate  
Immortal love at me. I found  
How deep the glance of love can wound,  
How cruel pity is to hate.

I was begirt with hostile spears:  
My angel warred in me for you  
Whose gentle calmness all too fierce  
Made unseen lightening to pierce  
My heart that dripped with ruddy dew.

I know how on the final day  
The hosts of darkness meet with death:  
The angels with their love shall slay,  
Flowing to meet the dark array  
With terrible yet tender breath.

# The Message of John

AN INTERPRETATION

[*St. John, i. 1-33.*]

*IN the mighty Mother's bosom was the Wise  
With the mystic Father in æonian night;  
Aye, for ever one with them though it arise  
Going forth to sound its hymn of light.*

*At its incantation rose the starry fane;  
At its magic thronged the myriad race of men;  
Life awoke that in the womb so long had lain  
To its cyclic labours once again.*

*'Tis the soul of fire within the heart of life;  
From its fiery fountain spring the will and thought;  
All the strength of man for deeds of love or strife,  
Though the darkness comprehend it not.*

In the mystery written here  
John is but the life, the seer;  
Outcast from the life of light,  
Inly with reverted sight  
Still he scans with eager eyes  
The celestial mysteries.  
Poet of all far-seen things  
At his word the soul has wings,  
Revelations, symbols, dreams  
Of the inmost light which gleams.

## The Message of John

The winds, the stars, and the skies though wrought  
By the one Fire-Self still know it not ;  
And man who moves in the twilight dim  
Feels not the love that encircles him,  
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press  
Lips of an infinite tenderness,  
He turns away through the dark to roam  
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

They whose wisdom everywhere  
Sees as through a crystal air  
The lamp by which the world is lit,  
And themselves as one with it ;  
In whom the eye of vision swells,  
Who have in entranced hours  
Caught the word whose might compels  
All the elemental powers ;  
They arise as Gods from men  
Like the morning stars again.  
They who seek the place of rest  
Quench the blood-heat of the breast,  
Grow ascetic, inward turning  
Trample down the lust from burning,  
Silence in the self the will  
For a power diviner still ;  
To the fire-born Self alone  
The ancestral spheres are known.

## The Message of John

Unto the poor dead shadows came  
Wisdom mantled about with flame ;  
We had eyes that could see the light  
Born of the mystic Father's might,  
Glory radiant with powers untold  
And the breath of God around it rolled.  
Life that moved in the deeps below  
Felt the fire in its bosom glow ;

Life awoke with the Light allied,  
Grew divinely stirred, and cried :  
'This is the Ancient of Days within,  
Light that is ere our days begin.

'Every power in the spirit's ken  
Springs anew in our lives again.  
We had but dreams of the heart's desire  
Beauty thrilled with the mystic fire.  
The white-fire breath whence springs the power  
Flows alone in the spirit's hour.'

Man arose from the earth he trod,  
Grew divine as he gazed on God :  
Light in a fiery whirlwind broke  
Out of the dark divine and spoke :  
Man went forth through the vast to tread  
By the spirit of wisdom charioted.

## The Message of John

There came the learned of the schools  
Who measure heavenly things by rules,  
The sceptic, doubter, the logician,  
Who in all sacred things precisian,  
Would mark the limit, fix the scope,  
‘Art thou the Christ for whom we hope?  
Art thou a magian, or in thee  
Has the divine eye power to see?’”  
He answered low to those who came,  
‘Not this, nor this, nor this I claim.  
More than the yearning of the heart  
I have no wisdom to impart.  
I am the voice that cries in him  
Whose heart is dead, whose eyes are dim,  
“Make pure the paths where through may run  
The light-streams from that golden one,  
The Self who lives within the sun,”  
As spake the seer of ancient days.’  
The voices from the earthly ways  
Questioned him still: ‘What dost thou here,  
If neither prophet, king nor seer?  
What power is kindled by thy might?’  
‘I flow before the feet of Light;  
I am the purifying stream.  
But One of whom ye have no dream,  
Whose footsteps move among you still,

## The Message of John

Though dark, divine, invisible.  
Impelled by Him, before His ways  
I journey, though I dare not raise  
Even from the ground these eyes so dim  
Or look upon the feet of Him.'

When the dead or dreamy hours  
Like a mantle fall away.  
Wakes the eye of gnostic powers  
To the light of hidden day,

And the yearning heart within  
Seeks the true, the only friend,  
He who burdened with our sin  
Loves and loves unto the end.

Ah, the martyr of the world,  
With a face of steadfast peace  
Round whose brow the light is curled  
'Tis the Lamb with golden fleece,

So they called of old the shining.  
Such a face the sons of men  
See, and all its life divining  
Wake primeval fires again.

Such a face and such a glory  
Passed before the eyes of John,

## The Message of John

With a breath of olden story  
Blown from ages long agone

Who would know the God in man,  
Deeper still must be his glance,  
Veil on veil his eye must scan  
For the mystic signs which tell  
If the fire electric fell  
On the seer in his trance ;  
As his way he upward wings  
From all time-encircled things,  
Flames the glory round his head  
Like a bird with wings outspread  
Gold and silver plumes at rest ;  
Such a shadowy shining crest,  
Round the hero's head reveals him  
To the soul that would adore,  
As the master-power that heals him  
And the fount of secret lore.  
Nature such a diadem  
Places on her royal line,  
Every eye that looks on them  
Knows the Sons of the Divine

## The Hour of the King

WHO would think this quiet breather  
From the world had taken flight ?  
Yet within the form we see there  
Wakes the golden King to-night.

Out upon the face of faces  
He looked forth before his sleep :  
Now he knows the starry races  
Haunters of the ancient deep.

On the Bird of Diamond Glory  
Floats in mystic floods of song:  
As he lists Time's triple story  
Seems but as a day is long.

From the mightier Adam falling  
To his image dwarfed in clay,  
He will at our voices calling  
Come to this side of the day.

When he wakes, the dreamy-hearted,  
He will know not whence he came,  
And the light from which he parted  
Be the seraph's sword of flame,

And behind it hosts supernal  
Guarding the lost paradise,  
And the tree of life eternal  
From the weeping human eyes.

## A Leader

THOUGH your eyes with tears were blind,  
Pain upon the path you trod:  
Well we knew, the hosts behind,  
Voice and shining of a god.

For your darkness was our day,  
Signal fires, your pains untold  
Lit us on our wandering way  
To the mystic heart of gold.

Naught we knew of the high land,  
Beauty burning in its spheres;  
Sorrow we could understand  
And the mystery told in tears.

## A Last Counsel

COULD you not in silence borrow  
Strength to go from us ungrieving?  
All these hours of loving sorrow  
Only make more bitter leaving.

You will go forth lonely, thinking  
Of the pain you leave behind you;  
From the golden sunlight shrinking  
For the earthly tears will blind you.

Better, ah, if now we parted  
For the little while remaining;  
You would seek when broken-hearted  
For the mighty heart's sustaining.

You would go then gladly turning  
From our place of wounds and weeping,  
With your soul for comfort burning  
To the mother-bosom creeping.

## Endurance

HE bent above: so still her breath  
What air she breathed he could not say,  
Whether in worlds of life or death:  
So softly ebbed away, away,  
The life that had been light to him,  
So fled her beauty leaving dim  
The emptying chambers of his heart  
Thrilled only by the pang and smart,  
The dull and throbbing agony  
That suffers still, yet knows not why.  
Love's immortality so blind  
Dreams that all things with it conjoined  
Must share with it immortal day:  
But not of this—but not of this—  
The touch, the eyes, the laugh, the kiss,  
Fall from it and it goes its way.  
So blind he wept above her clay,  
‘I did not think that you could die.  
Only some veil would cover you  
Our loving eyes could still pierce through;  
And see through dusky shadows still  
Move as of old your wild sweet will,  
Impatient every heart to win  
And flash its heavenly radiance in.’  
Though all the worlds were sunk in rest  
The ruddy star within his breast

## Endurance

Would croon its tale of ancient pain,  
Its sorrow that would never wane,  
The memory of the days of yore  
Moulded in beauty evermore.  
Ah, immortality so blind,  
To dream all things with it conjoined  
Must follow it from star to star  
And share with it immortal years.  
The memory, yearning, grief, and tears,  
Fall from it and it goes afar.  
He walked at night along the sands,  
He saw the stars dance overhead,  
He had no memory of the dead,  
But lifted up exultant hands  
To hail the future like a boy,  
The myriad paths his feet might press.  
Unhaunted by old tenderness  
He felt an inner secret joy—  
A spirit of unfettered will  
Through light and darkness moving still  
Within the All to find its own,  
To be immortal and alone.

## The Mid-World

THIS is the red, red region  
Your heart must journey through:  
Your pains will here be legion  
And joy be death for you.

Rejoice to-day: to-morrow  
A turning tide shall flow  
Through infinite tones of sorrow  
To reach an equal woe.

- You pass by love unheeding  
To gain the goal you long—  
But my heart, my heart is bleeding:  
I cannot sing this song.

## The Tide of Sorrow

ON the twilight-burnished hills I lie and long and gaze  
Where below the grey-lipped sands drink in the flowing  
tides,

Drink, and fade and disappear: interpreting their ways  
A seer in my heart abides.

Once the diamond dancing day-waves laved thy thirsty  
lips :

Now they drink the dusky night-tide running cold and  
fleet,

Drink, and as the chilly brilliance o'er their pallor slips  
They fade in the touch they meet.

Wave on wave of pain where leaped of old the billowy  
joys :

Hush and still thee now unmoved to drink the bitter sea,  
Drink with equal heart : be brave ; and life with laugh-  
ing voice

And death will be one for thee.

Ere my mortal days pass by and life in the world be done,  
Oh, to know what world shall rise within the spirit's ken  
When it grows into the peace where light and dark are  
one !

What voice for the world of men ?

## Tragedy

A MAN went forth one day at eve:  
The long day's toil for him was done:  
The eye that scanned the page could leave  
Its task until to-morrow's sun.

Upon the threshold where he stood  
Flared on his tired eyes the sight,  
Where host on host the multitude.  
Burned fiercely in the dusky night  
The starry lights at play—at play—  
The giant children of the blue,  
Heaped scorn upon his trembling clay  
And with their laughter pierced him through.

They seemed to say in scorn of him  
‘The power we have was once in thee.  
King, is thy spirit grown so dim,  
That thou art slave and we are free?’

As out of him the power—the power—  
The free—the fearless, whirled in play,  
He knew himself that bitter hour  
The close of all his royal day.

And from the stars' exultant dance  
Within the fiery furnace glow,  
Exile of all the vast expanse,  
He turned him homeward sick and slow.

## In the Womb

STILL rests the heavy share on the dark soil:  
Upon the black mould thick the dew-damp lies:  
The horse waits patient: from his lowly toil  
The ploughboy to the morning lifts his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows dark against day's fires  
Glitter with gold-lit crystals: on the rim  
Over the unregarding city's spires  
The lonely beauty shines alone for him.

And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds  
And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see  
How in her womb the mighty mother moulds  
The infant spirit for eternity.

## Star Teachers

EVEN as a bird sprays many-coloured fires,  
The plumes of paradise, the dying light  
Rays through the fevered air in misty spires  
That vanish in the height,

Vanish beyond the stars and further dreams,  
The heaven of heavens. Here in my thought the dome  
Flashes about me with familiar gleams  
Of birthplace and of home.

These myriad eyes that look on me are mine;  
Wandering beneath them I have found again  
The ancient ample moment, the divine,  
The God-root within men.

For this, for this the lights innumerable  
As symbols shine that we the true light win:  
For every star and every deep they fill  
Are stars and deeps within.

Heroes and gods beneath them come and go:  
Still the heroic, the divine, remain  
Breathing from these the strength that quiets woe,  
With beauty crowning pain.

## On a Hillside

A FRIENDLY mountain I know ;  
As I lie on the green slope there  
It sets my heart in a glow  
And closes the door on care.

A thought I try to frame—  
I was with you long ago ;  
My soul from your heart out-came ;  
Mountain, is that not so ?

Take me again, dear hills,  
Open the door to me  
Where the magic murmur thrills  
The halls I do not see,

Thy halls and caverns deep ;  
Though sometimes I may dare  
Down the twilight stairs of sleep  
To meet the kingly there.

Sometimes on flaming wings  
I sit upon a throne  
And watch how the great star swings  
Along the sapphire zone.

It has wings of its own for flight,  
Diamond its pinions strong,  
Glories of opal and white,  
I watch the whole night long.

## On a Hillside

Until I needs must lay  
My royal robes aside  
To toil in a world of grey,  
Grey shadows by my side.

And when I ponder it o'er  
Grey memories only bide,  
But their fading lips tell more  
Than all the world beside.

## A Return

WE turned back mad from the mystic mountains,  
All foamed with red and with elfin gold:  
Up from the heart of the twilight's fountains  
The fires enchanted were starward rolled.

We turned back mad: we thought of the morrow,  
The iron clang of the far-away town:  
We could not weep in our bitter sorrow,  
But joy as an Arctic sun went down.

## Content

WHO are exiles? As for me  
Where beneath the diamond dome  
Lies the light on hill or tree,  
There my palace is and home.

Who are lonely lacking care?  
Here the winds are living, press  
Close on bosom, lips and hair—  
Well I know their soft caress.

Sad or fain no more to live?  
I have pressed the lips of pain;  
With the kisses lovers give,  
Ransomed ancient joys again.

Captive? See what stars give light  
In the hidden heart of clay:  
At their radiance dark and bright  
Fades the dreamy king of day.

Night and day no more eclipse  
Friendly eyes that on us shine,  
Speech from old familiar lips  
Playmates of a youth divine.

Brothers weary, come away;  
We will quench the heart's desire  
Past the gateways of the day  
In the rapture of the fire.

## Epilogue

*WELL, when all is said and done  
Best within my narrow way,  
May some angel of the sun  
Muse memorial o'er my clay:*

*‘Here was beauty all betrayed  
From the freedom of her state;  
From her human uses stayed  
On an idle rhyme to wait.*

*Ab, what deep despair might move  
If the beauty lit a smile,  
Or the heart was warm with love  
That was pondering the while.*

*He has built his monument  
With the winds of time at strife,  
Who could have before he went  
Written on the book of life.*

*To the stars from which he came  
Empty banded, he goes home;  
He who might have wrought in flame  
Only traced upon the foam.’*

The Earth Breath and other Poems. Printed for John Lane  
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